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M U L T U M I N P A R V O

Being

A SHORT HISTORY

Of

DULWICH VILLAGE

Its Public Buildings,

Historical Residences, Celebrities

&c.,

By

THOMAS MORRIS

With a

Sketch of His Life

1911

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A SHORT HISTORY OF DULWICH VILLAGE

BY

THOMAS MORRIS

With a Sketch of His Life

--

A PREFACE

It is with no undue confidence that I have attempted to write the history of our dear little district of Old Dulwich. The knowledge I have at my disposal, through my Parents and Grand-parents, who were established in the village from the year 1785, is, I think, sufficient to enable me to write a short history of the charming little village of Dulwich. The history of Dulwich and the surroundings, as it should be written, would tax the powers of one of far greater experience than myself, but I hope to do my best to give a correct history of the dear old village, which is situated in the parish of Camberwell, Surrey.

I hope you will pardon me if I have made any mistakes in dates in this brief history.

With great love and respect for the old birthplace of my dear relatives who have passed away.

I remain, yours truly,

THOMAS MORRIS

14, The Old College,
Dulwich,

October 20th, 1911.

P.S. This little booklet is a souvenir of my 81st birthday.

THE LIFE OF THOMAS MORRIS

--

My grandfather, Edward Morris, kept "The Sign of the Gipsies", The Gipsy House, Norwood, where my father, Edward Morris, was born. He sold the Gipsy House to a Romany Gipsy and Gentleman Gipsy, who soon lost the license by having horse racing on the Sunday. It was then sold to a private gentleman, named Whering, who turned it into a private house and park. After grandfather left the Gipsy House he went to live in his own cottage in Gipsy Road, near the Gipsy House, he followed the vocation of cattle doctor, and died about the year 1831. My father, Edward Morris, was born in the year 1785.

In the year 1787 Mr.Robert Dennett and Miss Catherine Morgan were servants at Wood Lawn, Dulwich Village, in the Parish of Camberwell, one was gardener and the other was cook. In the year 1788 they were married at Bartholomew the Great, in the City of London, and went to reside in Boxall Row, in Dulwich Village, where my mother, Catherine Dennett, was born in the year 1789.

My father, Edward Morris, and my mother, Catherine Dennett, were married at the Parish Old Church of Camberwell, Surrey, in the year 1815, and went to reside in Boxall Row, Dulwich Village. After some years they removed to the White House, close to the Burial Ground in Dulwich, where they kept a greengrocery and milk business for many years. My father was a coal-meter for many years on the Surrey side of the Thames, Bankside, Deptford and Croydon. He went up the canal in the barge from Deptford to Croydon, where the Forest Hill and Croydon Railway is now. When they did away with the coal meters he had to leave. After that and before the Thames water was laid on in Dulwich he kept a horse and a water butt, to fetch water from the well on Clapham Common to sell to his neighbours for washing and other purposes.

My grandmother Dennett died about the year 1820. After her death grandfather Dennett was elected to the Alms Houses of Dulwich

College but did not live long to enjoy the blessing. He passed away in the year 1824 age 76. I, Thomas Morris, was born at the White House, Dulwich Village, in the year 1830. Before the death of my father, which took place in July in the year 1851, at the age of 67 years, I assisted my parents by carrying out milk for them, and kept a donkey and carriage to take out invalids for the fresh air, and sometimes in their own chair; I also played the violin at dancing parties. In the year 1848 Mr.Barnum, the great showman, sent his agent to ask my mother if she would allow me to travel with him and General Tom Thumb, as I was very small at that time, my height being only three feet four inches and my weight two stone twelve pounds. My mother would not think of me going with him.

In 1849 (being fond of horses) I thought I would like to be an equestrian and learn horsemanship, and at that time a well-known gentleman of Westminster Bridge Road took me to see Mr.Batty, who afterwards became the proprietor of the well-known Astley's Circus, who said as I was very small I would not be strong enough to manage the horses. About the same time I thought I would like to be a watch and clock maker. My mother sent for a Mr.Monk, of Camberwell, who had a business there, and being one of the old foundation boys, he said I might to to make and repair watches but would not do for cleaning and winding large clocks, so I gave it up.

I won my battle after all, not with the sword but by the pencil and brush. Whilst keeping watch over my mother's cows in Croxted Lane (now Croxted Road), in the year 1852, I sketched the old cottages in the lane (the favourite cottages of David Cox, the great water-colour painter) and showed it to a gentleman who was passing, and he told me to go to the School of Art, which, at that time, was held at Marlborough House (now the residence of the Prince of Wales). Some time after the school was removed to South Kensington. I was sent to the school by some kind friends, and, after a year or two, I obtained a free studentship by receiving Four Medals and the Royal National Medallion that was awarded by the Committee of Council of

the Science and Art Department, South Kensington, for the best shaded drawing in the national competition in the year 1861, and one for the outline, and one for the flower painting.

In the year 1860, I had the honour of an interview with Her Majesty Queen Victoria, His Royal Highness Prince Albert, His Majesty the King of the Belgians, their Royal Highnesses the Crown Prince of Prussia and Princess Royal of England, and Professor Ruskin, Sir R.Redgrave, and other eminent men.

After studying at the School of Art for some years I left to seek my own living, by giving lessons in drawing, painting in oil and water-colours, and teaching the violin, and by restoring works of art.

For some years after the death of my father, my mother received the out-pension from Dulwich College. She passed away on January the 17th, 1892, in her 103rd year. After my mother's death, in the next year, I was elected in the Alms Houses of the Old College, Dulwich Village (God's gift). After a few years my sisters and brothers passed away. One brother and sister lived to a great age; one was 87 years, my brother Robert: my sister, Catherine, was 84 years. After their death I was left to fight my own battles, and with God's help, I hope to succeed. I Thank God for the help I have received, for His kindness, and for His watchful care over me night and day. I hope to live for many years to come to enjoy those blessings.

OLD DULWICH

--

Dear Old Dulwich is melting away,
The green meadows are fading fast,
And our dear old neighbours are departed to stay;
I wonder what it will be at the last

The old five fields are gone from our gaze,
And the footpaths and stiles are no more,
And with the green pastures and flowers so gay,
There will not be any more old Dulwich in store.

The dear old "Greyhound" has passed away,
With its cheerful dinners and the club feasts,
And dancing on the green in the evening to stay,
With all the village folk dressed in their best.

The charming old village and the old folk,
And the meadows with the old buildings are gone;
No more gifts from the wealthy old folks;
I hope they will receive God's blessing three-fold.

Thank God our dear Old College stands fast,
With all its good gifts to the old and the poor;
Let us be grateful for all blessings that are past,
Hoping there will be plenty in store.

Come, let us be thankful and cheerful,
For all the changes of our life;
It is best to be contented and grateful,
Then we shall all be free from strife.

THOMAS MORRIS

November 23rd, 1909.

THE OLD VILLAGE GREEN.

--

The Old Village Green I remember well:
Many, many years of yore,
Where the Village Fair was held,
Near the old home where I was born.

On that dear Old Village Green,
The lads of the village played,
At a good old English game they were seen,
To watch them some of the natives stayed.

The dear old village lads have passed away,
Interred in the Old Burial Ground,
Where they have gone for ever to stay,
Close to the old playing ground.

They all left this world, one by one,
To go to that Heavenly place to rest;
Of all that are left I know not one,
In the grand old village I love best.

THE OLD VILLAGE GREEN - contd.

God has given me health and strength
To see that dear Old Village Green
Of that portion which is left,
A very little, to be seen.

While we are in this world,
Let us show kindness to all
Be benevolent to all those that are worth
With our whole body and soul.

August, 1907. THOMAS MORRIS.

THE OLD VILLAGE BURIAL GROUND

--

In that Old Burial Ground
Many poor villagers are at rest,
They are gone where the trumpets sound
God knows it was for the best.

In that old ground my friends are laid,
Many, many years have passed by,
They have gone to that home to stay,
I hope to meet them by and by.

Many old friends have I followed there,
To their last resting home,
Much to the scrrow of those left to share
The troubles and cares and weather the storms.

Now it has closed for the poor to rest,
On this earth they must be parted.
We shall all meet on that Heavenly rest
Where love and friendship never depart.

That old resting-place for our friends
Is but a patch of grass and old tombs,
Showing the sacred spot at the end,
Of the dear old villager's last home.

August, 1907. THOMAS MORRIS

THE COMMEMORATION OF THE OLD COLLEGE OF GOD'S GIFT, DULWICH

--

To commemorate that noble gift.
Dedicated to God, so kind and grand,
By that great and good Alleyn it was left,
For the poor boys and aged women and men.

It is good to remember our dear kind friend,
Who lived three hundred years ago,
We ought to bow down with a graceful bend,
For that kind charity that he bestowed.

I often wonder when it will end,
After so many thousand gifts been felt.
May years pass on for God to send
Many poor creatures in poverty left.

THE COMMEMORATION OF THE OLD COLLEGE OF GOD'S GIFT, DULWICH - Contd.

It is only those that feel that gift,
When it relieves them from their troubles,
Of pain and sickness that is left,
When old age and infirmity stop their travels.

I wish there were more men so kind,
As dear old Edward Alleyn the actor,
To relieve the aged sick and the blind,
He was a grand and kind benefactor.

Come all ye noble dukes and lords,
Follow the footsteps of that generous man,
Relieve the poor, for that you can afford,
Then you will join his happy band.

June 22nd is Founder's Day THOMAS MORRIS.
In the year of 1616.

THE OLD COLLEGE OF GOD'S GIFT.

--

In the year 1866 the old Tower, which was a square turret and very ornamental to the old College, was taken down and a new one erected, a corridor added, and the block of Alms Houses for the old folk built. When this alteration was made the front gates were moved further from the College, and took in an enclosed shrubbery, with a footpath up the centre, and seats for the old folks and neighbours to sit under the fine old trees. There was also a footpath in front of the gates that led across from College Road to Gallery Road, with a turnstile at each end. When the boys came out of school they used to sit on the four arms of the stile and the other boys would turn them round. It was good sport.

Before the Act of Parliament in 1857 there were a Master, Warden and four Fellows, but after the Act was passed they were pensioned off. The last warden's name was R.W.Allen, and he received his pension for many years, having lived to a ripe old age. He was a great sporting man. He and the head bailiff, and a steward named Partrige, who lived in the College, kept sporting dogs, greyhounds, and other dogs for the shooting season in Dulwich wood, which covered an area of about 200 acres. There were plenty of game and rabbits,

and sometimes a stray fox, which had been lost from the Surrey Fox Hounds. It was a fine old wood with many bridle paths through it from College Road to Gipsy Hill, and from Gravel Pit Hill to Cox's Walk, Lordship Lane; and it was most enjoyable with its mossy banks and wild flowers, together with the sweet notes of the wild birds. The woods were open each side of the road, and Gravel Pit Hill, which derives its name through the college carts bringing the gravel and timber out of the woods that way. The gamekeeper's and woodcutter's cottages stood where the fountain now stands at the summit of Fountain Road, - a most charming spot to live in. The name of the gamekeeper was George Ward, and that of the woodcutter Chalkright.

When the Crystal Palace was brought to and erected in this boundary, it consequently caused all the woods being cut up. Part of College Road, and Farquhar Road, Dulwich Wood Park, the Avenue and Kingswood Road have been cut out of the centre of the wood and thus completely changed the aspect of it all. The dear old wood and meadows, and all the footpaths across the fields, and also the wild flowers have all disappeared from our gaze but not from our thoughts, including endeared rural and rustic Old Dulwich, the charming little hamlet of Camberwell in the County of Surrey.

THE CHAPEL OF GOD'S GIFT

The original building was very small, long, and narrow, and oblong, the width being, before the alteration was made, from the centre pillars, and consisted of the present aisles. For the benefit of the College tenants the Master, Warden and Fellows enlarged the Chapel by an addition to the south aisle, the pews being rented. There was also added to the building at the same time the south gallery, and the organ gallery was enlarged. These additions were not an improvement from an architectural point of view. The pews at that time were very high. In the year 1842 I attended the Sunday School belonging to the Chapel, the Rev. Charles Howes being

one of the Fellows at that time, and with the other Sunday School children used to sit in those high pews in the south side aisle, which were more like boxes. The central aisle was occupied by the Master, Warden, the four Fellows, the Old Pensioners, and the Servants of the College, and the twelve Foundation Boys formed the choir at that time.

Before the fine painting of the Transfiguration, after Raphaels, by Jules Romano, could be taken into the building the east window had to be taken out to allow of its admittance on account of the size. It was placed above the east window over the altar, which partly obstructed the light and made the Chapel rather dark. Some years after the painting was removed to the north wall, to make room for a stained glass window at the east, which greatly improved the light in the Chapel.

About the year 1852 the beautiful carved screen was added, and after it was put up it was found to be too low, and it had to be pieced at the bottom to raise it to its proper height. Some of the carvings on it were objected to, which I thought a pity, as it was the most handsome and best carved screen in the south of London.

Each of the four Fellows had their own particular duty to perform, i.e. chaplain, assistant chaplain, schoolmaster to the Foundation Boys, and organist.

Mr.Edward Alleyn, the Founder of the College, was laid to rest in the choir of the Chapel, 27th November, 1626, age about 61.

There used to be a dwarf railing round the tomb of Mr.Alleyn, which much enhanced the last earthly resting-place of that most noble benefactor (May he rest in peace).

THE PICTURE GALLERY

Most of the pictures were collected by Noel Joseph Desenfans. At his death, in the year 1807, he left the whole of his collection to Sir

Peter Francis Bourgeois, who made a will to the effect that all the pictures should become the property of the Master Warden and Fellows of Dulwich College, and he also left a large sum of money for them to be taken care of.

The building of the Gallery was commenced in 1812 and finished in 1814. In that year the pictures were removed from Charlotte Street, Portland Place, to the Gallery at Dulwich. The first keeper of the Gallery at Dulwich was Ralph Cockburn; the first attendant was Mr. John Bonham, who lived in the Gallery Cottage. In 1821, Mr.Stephen Pointz Denning was elected keeper, which office he held till his death in 1864. The portrait of Queen Victoria at the age of four years, which is in the Gallery, was painted by Mr.Denning and he gave me my first lesson in portrait painting in 1856. The pictures in the Gallery are the best by the old masters, for example, Rubens, Nicolas, Pousson, Guido, Cuyp, Murillo, and other great artists.

Mrs.Desenfans left £500 to the Master Warden and the Fellows, the interest to meet the expenses of an annual visit of the President and Committee of the Royal Academy to visit the Gallery when dinner was provided; she left the plate and linen for the occasions. New rooms have been added and new pictures have been bequeathed and hung, and it is now one of the most valuable collections of pictures in the south of London. At that period the Gallery was closed on Fridays for cleaning and dusting the pictures, and everyone had to apply at the Old Greyhound Hotel for a ticket of admission. Children under 14 years of age were not admitted. In the centre of each room there was a large iron cylinder for heating the rooms by steam, which was a most unsightly object for such a neat little Gallery. On March, 1915, the bodies of Mr. and Mrs. Desenfans and Sir P.F.Bourgeois were placed in the Mausoleum in the Gallery, it being their wish.

THE FREE SCHOOL

When the license of the French Horn was given up it was shortly afterwards turned into a Village Free School for boys and girls and infants. It was situated where the Villa now stands next to the stationers. My sister, Ann Morris, was assistant teacher at the infants' school in the year 1842. The name of the head governess was Miss Hide.

The Rev.John Vane, one of the Fellows of Dulwich College, was one of the last school-masters to the Foundation Boys, and often visited the schools. He was the Clerk of the Closet to Queen Victoria, and Vicar of St. George's, Southampton Street, Camberwell, Surrey.

The Master of the Boys' Free School was Mr.Bartlett, who was succeeded by Mr.Tigou.

THE OLD POST OFFICE

The Old Village Post Office was kept by a prim old lady named Beambsley, who wore a mob cap and bib. It was a small grocer's shop with two small bay windows having very small panes of glass, and had a neat little garden in front. Mr.Price's shop now stands on this spot. There were at that time two deliveries a day only, and the letters were brought from London by a post boy, in a leather bag, which was firmly fixed behind to the saddle. There was also an old postman named Poucher, who was very lame, and who wore a swallow-tail coat, and a high hat covered with leather to protect it from rain. He was quite a spectacle for the village folk to behold. About the year 1846 the letters were brought by a mail cart; then the deliveries were more frequent. There was, too, another postman named Burgess, who assisted in these deliveries.

THE OLD GREYHOUND HOTEL

The Old Greyhound Hotel that stood in the centre of the Old Village,

was established about the year 1720. The family of Middlecot held it for over one hundred years. It was first rented by Mrs. Middlecot, the mother of Mr.William Middlecot. She had four sons and two daughters; after her death her son, William, was the landlord of the Hotel. Barclay and Perkins were the brewers for over one hundred years. Mr.William M Middlecot kept it until he was past middle life, when he left to take a rest. A few months after he was taken ill, and did not live long to enjoy his well-earned rest. After he left the dear Old Greyhound, it gradually sunk into decadence. Being only five miles from London on the Surrey side of London Bridge, it was always noted for a quiet and rural spot, and for its foliage and old oak trees.

Returning to the Old Greyhound, it was often the meeting place for Charles Dickens, Browning and a number of other eminent men, who used to spend the day at the old Inn, and ramble in the five and fourteen fields (noted by the London folk) to enjoy a romp in the newly mown hay in the summer, the brightest time of the year. Beanfeasts and the Old Club Feast were held at the old Inn, and dancing on the green in the evening was one of their favourite past-times. On one Saturday evening in the year of the Committee of Old Fire Brigade used to meet at the old Greyhound, and then the engine was taken to the "Vutchers' Pond" to be filled. The pond was situated at the corner of Burbage Road, and a house now stands on the spot; the attendant's name was Charles Mabbs. It was a gala evening for the Village Boys, to turn out and assist in the pumping of the engine and also for the gentlemen of the Committee to watch from the windows of the old Inn the engine at work. It was a very small one, not being much larger than a fair-sized barrow. About the year 1847 it was called out to a fire at Mr.J.Lassam's, a baker - at present the residence of Mr.Dean. It was on the night of the fifth of November, after the boys had had a bonfire and fireworks, a very busy night for the village folk. The College bells and Fire Bell (on the top of Bellhouse, that stands in College Road) were vigorously rung to call the sleepers up to assist in the pumping of the Fire Engine.

The old Greyhound Hotel was an old coaching house, The old

Sydenham Coach ran from the Greyhound Inn, at Lower Sydenham, and the Gipsy Coach started from the Rose and Crown Inn, in Crown Lane, Crown Hill, Norwood. The Sevenoaks Coach started from the coaching house in Piccadilly to Sevenoaks every morning in summer, and passed through Dulwich Village, stopping at the Greyhound to take up passengers.

The old Brixton Brass Band, used to accompany the mebers of the Half Moon Workmen's Club, on the first Thursday in July every year, to the old Greyhound, and then return to have their Club Dinner. In the evening there was dancing on the green. In the year 1853 I played the tenor or side-drum in the Brixton Band at concerts for charity, and at other meetings.

Dear old Queen Victoria was very fond of passing through our bright little village, when the chestnut trees were in full bloom over Herne Hill and Denmark Hill. She had to pass by the residence of Mr.Ruskin (where I went to visit him, for the purpose of getting a few hints on painting, and he kindly assisted me to buy my brushes and colours) down Redpost Hill through the village and up College-road to the Crystal Palace. After the Queen left attending at the Palace, the public attendance began to fall off.

THE OLD GREEN MAN INN

The Old Green Man stood in the grounds where the Grove Tavern now stands, at the corner of Lordship Lane and Dulwich Common. In the 18th century, when Cox was the landlord, dancing and sports were held there, and gipsies attended and played some of their games, i.e. single stick, &c., &c.,

The walk through the wood was named after this landlord, and up to the time of writing is still called Cox's Walk, Dulwich Common. Afterwards the Inn was closed for a time, Dr.Glennie taking the premises and turning it into a school for gentlemen's sons, Lord Byron being one of the students. A few years later the building was demolished and the grounds were taken by a man named Bew and a woman

of the name of Owen, who let it out for school treats and all kinds of sports, and on the 5th November huge bonfires, &c., were to be seen there.

About the year 1855 one Mr.Courage, a brewer, built the Grove Tavern, for the son of Mrs.Owen (James Owen). He was to be the licensed holder, but after a few years gave it up on account of ill-health, and took the Sand Rock Hotel at Shirley, where he ended his days. He was the last survivor of that good old Dulwich family.

LOCAL RESIDENTS

It is not for me to comment on the doings of the Governors of Dulwich College, or to discuss the question whether it was right to demolish the fine old buildings, to make room for new, but some fine old buildings have passed away, notably the old Manor House, of which my mother rented the sheds in the farmyard for her cows, from the last tenant. I have had many pleasant walks round the fine old grounds and the long walk, with its flowering shrubs and wild flowers, which is no more.

About the year 17.5 where the house that Miss Druce lives in, at the corner of Dulwich Common, was a small farm house kept by an old lady, who sold sweets and cakes. Some of the old buildings stood in the stable yard of Grove House. The children went to the Old Mill that stood on the common to see it work. It was kept by a man named Kemp, who lived at one of the cottages opposite the New College, which was part of Dulwich common before it was enclosed, opposite the old mill pond, now closed in.

Surrey Lodge, in Half Moon Lane, is one of the most ancient houses in Dulwich, being a fine old building. One might easily lose oneself in it with its secret doors and rooms. There were two thatched roof lodges and some old farm buildings belonging to it. The house was approached by a long drive, and in the olden time it

was considered to be a history in itself. The lady of title that once lived there was married to a Royal personage. That was the last morganatic marriage before the Act was passed, making it necessary to obtain the sanction of the King or Queen of England to be married to be able to enjoy the rank of Royalty.

POND HOUSE

Pond House, North Dulwich, derives its name from the pond which was situated in front of the house. In the olden time it was for the use of the wayside cattle, which went in at one end and came out at the other. It was most useful for the poor horses in the summer to have a drink, or to cool their legs. About the year 1823 there was a butcher drowned in the pond, who worked for a Mr.Spearing in the village. How he came to be there remained a mystery, and at the inquest a verdict of "Found Drowned" was brought in. Shortly after this the wall of the front garden was brought forward, and the pond was enclosed in the front garden of the house, and was made an ornamental one for fish and water lilies.

Some years after there were four other roadside ponds done away with, one of them being the Long Pond, which reached from two fine old houses, where shops now stands, down to the entrance gate to Lake House, which was then named Chinees Cottage on account of the shape of the roof. It was a grand old pond with its mound in the centre with a large spreading willow tree; it was a picture and a natural mirror for the public as they passed by. The three others were the Butcher's Pond, near the Fountain, the Horse Pond at the corner of Dulwich Common at the corner of the New College grounds, and the other was near the Park Gates on Dulwich Common, now closed in. They were all ornamental, and useful for the poor cattle in the summer, and for the old village.

BEECH HOUSE

Beech House is a fine old county residence, standing in its own grounds at North Dulwich, facing south. It is one of the oldest houses in Dulwich and there is a little history connected with it. In the year 1820 a celebrated old lawyer lived there named Raincock, who was a great sporting man, and used to follow the Fox or Stag Hounds, called the Surrey Hounds, every Saturday in the hunting season. They used to meet at Croydon. I have known the stag to give the hounds a run as far as Dulwich College and into the village, and was caught there in the yard of the Old Greyhound Hotel. The stag was taken home in the box cart, and provided sport for the following Saturday's hunt. The next time he came to Dulwich he made for the Mill Pond, and swam to the other side with the hounds after him. He then gave them a run back to Croydon. The people used to consider it fine sport.

Miss Raincock, his only daughter, died in the year 1837, and she was the first to be interred in the Norwood Cemetery. The grave can be shown to antone wishing to see it. The cemetery contains over 40 acres. When Mr.Raincock died, the house was taken over by a gentleman named Jones. He was the first maker of the English lucifer match, which were made at his private house (Beech House), and sold for a long time at sixpence a box. My Father had to use the flint and steel with the tinder box, with a piece of old linen. Burnt to a tinder he would strike the steel with the flint to make sparks to catch the tinder in the box, then the sulphur match would light the candle. The tinder box was not always satisfactory, for if the tinder was damp it would not take the sparks from the flint for the sulphur match to catch light. Patience was a virtue in those early days. At that time we were living at the Old White House.

THE OLD WHITE HOUSE

The Old White House is situated near the Village Burial Ground, my birth place, now occupied by Mr.Evans, the smith's forge. My parents lived there for some years, and kept a milk and greengrocer's business. In the olden times people, named body-snatchers, used to rob the graves of their dead bodies, and my father living near the burial ground was often paid to watch - for two or three weeks - the graves of those who had just been interred. One night they had nearly dug down to the coffin of one body, and was surprised by the housekeeper of the Rev.Dr.Butt, who lived at the house in Court Lane. She had been to a servants' party in the village, and on returning home had evidently disturbed these body snatchers, for when the grave-digger went to his duty the following morning he found the grave had been opened, and almost to the deptch of the coffin. Those who had relatives and friends interred there were never certain if their bodies would remain in their final resting place. When the Police Force came into existence body snatchers found their calling more risky and much less profitable.

GROVE COTTAGE (NOW NAMED PICKWICK VILLA)

In the year 1825 it was two small four-roomed cottages, with whitewashed fronts, and stood back from the road. A strip of grass was in front of it, reaching from the Mill Pond to Bell House gates. A man of the name of Mason lived there with his daughter. He kept cows and sold milk, and was one of the parish overseers for Camberwell. When any poor villager wanted relief they applied to him for a ticket for bread, which they would get from one of the village bakers. He employed a man named Thomas Hunt to look after the cows and carry out the milk. When Mr.Mason died Thomas Hunt took over the cows and business, and went to reside in Lloyd's Yard, Dulwich Village, next to the Old Forge, at that time kept by Mr.Dudman. After he gave up the business he was made an old College pensioner. A short time after

Miss Mason married a gentleman named Male, who turned the two cottages into one.

After the new Act for the Old College, Mr.Male was elected one of the Governors, and at that time the old Duke of Wellington's son was chairman (then the second Duke of Wellington). The cottage was enlarged by adding more rooms, and the strip of enclosed green was also added to it and planted it with trees, which made the front garden as it is now. After his death it was let to a gentleman named Court, a retired pensioner from the Post Office. He was an invalid, his wife was much younger and very fond of sport. She kept two well-bred good trotting cobs, and being a good whi she drove her own horses, her groom riding behind. She kept the cottage and garden in good style, which made it a great attraction to the London people who passed by on their way to the Crystal Palace.

After Mr.Court's death Mrs.Court sold up and retired from Dulwich. The house was then taken by Mr.Mitchell, the builder of Dulwich. If Mr and Mrs. Pickwick lived there it must have been before my grandfather's time, in the year 1785, which I then thought would not happen in those days of yore, when Charles Dickens was not known.

AN OLD MANSION

The fine Old Mansion that was built in the old Elizabethan style stood where Allison's grove and Allison's Towers now stand, and was situated in its own grounds. It was one of the oldest and most picturesque houses on Dulwich Common. About the year 1853 I took a drawing of it for the last occupier, a lady, who afterwards resided at Hyde Park Gardens. After it was demolished the grounds were given over to a gentleman who lived at Oakfield, at the corner of the Common, both of them being copyhold. A few years later it was sold and bought by a man who dealt in freehold and copyhold property - (Not being College property the Governors could not interfere). Then

Allison's Grove, Towers and Gardens were built, to the great annoyance of those gentlemen who lived on the Common. Within a few years Oakfield became the property of the Governors of Dulwich College.

BLEW HOUSE

Blew House is one of the most ancient houses in Dulwich. It used to stand at the edge of the Common, and it was some years before it became enclosed. At the back of this house stood a fine old Gothic Cottage, which was hidden from the road. The front part of Blew House was built of wood, with an old wooden porch at the front door and two windows on each side. In the year 1840 it was occupied by two sisters named Berry. They kept a young ladies' school, and when they became too old to continue the school they removed to an old cottage opposite the Chapel door of the old College, which was next to the footpath and stile, leading over the fields to Court Lane and Farm, but now enclosed by the park. It was named Berry Cottage, and stood in a fine old garden. Unhappily this picturesque old building, which harmonised so nicely with the rural and famous old Dulwich Village, was eventually destroyed.

THE OLD GIPSY HOUSE, NORWOOD

The Old Gipsy House was situated on a Green in the valley, not far from Dulwich Wood, behind where Gipsy Hill Railway Station now stands. Close to Norwood Common, on the right side of Gipsy Hill (where Gipsy Hill Church stands) there was a large open space reaching to the other side of Central Hill, where the gipsies pitched their tents; and on the Old Gipsy House Green the Lees, the Coopers, and the Smiths encamped. There was also a noted gipsy, named Margaret Finch, who was called the Queen of the Gipsies. She died at the ripe old age of 109 years, and after her death her niece was then named the Queen of the Gipsies. She died in 1768, and was buried in the old graveyard at Dulwich Village, where also my Grandfather Bennett and my own Father were buried.

The London folk paid their visits to the Gipsy Camp to have their fortunes told. And Lord Byron, when schooling at Dr.Glennie's (whose house was situated in the grounds where the Grove Hotel now stands in Lordship Lane), went to see the gipsies play at their favourite games of single stick and boxing.

Mr.Mathews, the Dulwich hermit, often used to spend his evenings at the Old Gipsy House. He was a jobbing gardener, and worked for some of the gentry in Dulwich and Norwood. His cave was situated on the top of Cox's Walk, a short distance into the wood, where Crescent Wood Road Sydenham Hill, is now situated. Eventually he was murdered in his cave and taken to the inn called The French Horn, for the inquest. This inn stood opposite to the Old College, and when the license was given up it was shortly afterwards turned into a Village Free School for boys and girls and infants. Its situation was where the Villa now stands next to the Stationer's. My Sister, Ann Morris, was assistant teacher at the infants' school in the year 1842.

YE TWO OLD DULWICH TOLL GATES, IN COLLEGE ROAD AND COURT LANE.

The Toll Gate at the top of Court Lane, Dulwich, was the most ancient. The house was somewhat in the shape of a beehive, round, with the roof hanging over the top; it was built of brick with timber crossings, covered with lime and gravel, and whitewashed, surrounded by a large garden, and it was built in a snug little corner. About the year 1845 it was kept by Mrs.Parsons, the widow of Mr.Parsons, a bailiff to the College, who removed to the Toll Gate after his death. All the bailiffs in succession had the charge of the College Road Gate.

Mrs.Parsons had the charge of two girl imbeciles, belonging to a master butcher, living at Peckham, and they could be seen walking about the garden amusing themselves by playing with their fingers; both were deaf and dumb. The two other children of the same family were similarly afflicted. The widow lived at the Toll Gate until Mr.Purdy took the lease of both gates from the College authorities.

Mr.Purdy occupied the College Road Gate and put a caretaker in at Court Lane. He was married some time after to a nursemaid that lived on Dulwich Common. In 1868 he sublet the two gates for three years to a Mr.King, and with his wife took a boot and shoe business on Gipsy Hill, Norwood. After the three years were up he returned to the College Gate, and again put in a caretaker at Court Lane. Not being satisfied with the takings of his caretaker he closed the Court Lane Gate and let the house as a private residence, which remained as such until the College authorities had it pulled down.

The old Turnpike House in College Road was more of a rustic building than the present one. The bailiff and his wife lived in a gipsy caravan on the other side of the road whilst the present building was being erected. At that time a kitchen garden ran along there. The old house used to nestle in a little wood of its own, surrounded by fields, with honeysuckle and roses climbing over it. It is a picturesque old place, and I hope it will remain so for many years to come. One day some of the Royal carriages passed through without stopping to pay the poll, which ruffled Mr.Purdy's, the leaseholder's temper. He promptly sent the account in to the private secretary and received the toll. The cyclists not having to pay toll used to annoy him very much as they passed through. After his death Mrs.Purdy took the lease over. They had two sons, fine young men, one of whom joined the City Police Force. After a few years the College authorities took over the gate themselves.

The toll gates were placed there by Mr.Alleyn soon after he purchased the manor of Dulwich, to pay the expenses of keeping the roads in repair. An Act of Parliament was passed in 1864-5 that a number of toll gates should be abolished, but the dear old College Road Gate, Dulwich, still survives. I hope it will continue for many years to come.

THE OLD MILE STONE

There are many of the old Dulwich folks who do not know that the site of the Old College begins at the five-mile stone from the Standard, Cornhill. At the back of the stone is carved the words "Siste Viator T.T.," or stop traveller. The initials are those of Thomas Trulove, Esq., a magistrate and the surveyor of the College roads and the neighbourhood at that time. It has been standing all the years since 1772, yet very few, if any, of the old village folks ever read the carving on the back of it. It was in front of the little green, which was called College green, in front of the old shrubbery before the College gates. At that time the traveller could call at the College and demand some refreshment to help him on his way. It would be a horn of beer and bread and cheese. When any of the College tenants on quarterly day went to pay their rent, the table was laid in the dining hall, with a cold luncheon or round of beef, bread and cheese, pickles, and table beer. The village green was near the old burial ground, on the former of which the lads of the village played at cricket and other useful sports.

THE VICAR'S OLD OAK

Two or three hundred years ago there was standing near the corner of Dulwich Wood a celebrated Tree called the Vicar's oak, which was of immense size. It stood on the ground of the Old Parks of Mr.Shuter and Dr. Scot, now part of the grounds of the Crystal Palace. The spot where the Tree stood is just inside of the South Door, where four persons can stand and shake hands together being in no less than four parishes., Camberwell, Lambeth, Streatham and Battersea. It was a noted place for the four parishes to meet when beating the Bounds of the parishes. Dr.Scot who lived in Scot's Park, now part of the Crystal Palace grounds, was a celebrated doctor for consumption at Guy's Hospital, he used to pass through Dulwich on horseback every morning to go to the Hospital.

The entrance gate to Dr.Scot's house and park was in the Penge Road. The entrance to the road was where the turnstile to the Crystal Palace grounds on Sydenham Hill is, with an avenue of eating chestnut trees. A very rustic road led from Sydenham Hill to Penge Common, a very enjoyable walk on a summer's evening to listen to the sweet notes of the nightingale and see the wild rabbits crossing your path. Alas, these bright evening rambles have passed away.

THE OLD VILLAGE WINTER SPORTS

In olden times some of the shopkeepers kept one or two beagles, a small hound for hunting hares and rabbits. They would meet at the end of Court Lane, in front of the old burial ground. A man, fleet on foot, was engaged, who procured a dead rabbit, and, having fastened it to a long string, would drag it over the five-and-fourteen fields and on to Dulwich Common. He would start about ten or fifteen minutes before the dogs were put on the scent. The men and boys followed the dogs, some carrying long poles to help themselves over the low hedge or fence. The first dog that arrived at the finishing point was given the rabbit. The sport, which was a good and healthy one, was kept up till about the year 1845, when dogs were taxed, with the result that all field sports in the old village were done away with.

When the lads of the village ran a mile race they would start from the old milestone and run round Dulwich Common, returning to the milestone for the mile.

THE OLD DULWICH FAIR.

The Old Dulwich Fair was held on a small green close to the old Burial Ground, and up to the Old Village. There was only one refreshment booth, two or three shows, and a few stalls, and it is stated that it was done away with at the end of the "Twenties". Up to the end of 1835 there was one stall, a cake stall, which stood by the old

Crown Inn. The inn had a small boarded front, with trees outside, and with seats for the customers to sit on and enjoy the fresh air. It was kept by a man named Thomas Goodman.

Every year, on the 5th November, the Old College Foundation Boys had a good display of fireworks, and a bonfire, behind the Old College, now College Gardens. It was a treat for the old village folk. When the visitors came to the College the Foundation Boys were a public mark of respect to dear old Alleyn, the founder, with their long coats, buckskin breeches, grey stockings, and low shoes.

On the 9th of November, old Clem's day, the old smithey in Lloyd's yard, Dulwich Village, used to take the three anvils off the blocks and place them outside the sho , turn them upside down, and charge them with gunpowder, and give them three times three with a good salute, in honour of old Clem, one of the first shoeing smiths in England; this, with the children's fireworks, made it a gala night for the village folk.

One Sunday in the year there was a charity sermon, for the Green Coat Schools at Camberwell, at the Old College. Twelve boys and twelve girls were sent down to sing, and it was a treat for the villagers to hear them. Their favourite hymn was the Old Hundredth which they sung with good taste and delight.

When any of the Old College Pensioners passed away they were taken into the Chapel and the funeral service then read over their remains, which were afterwards conveyed to the old burial ground, followed by the Verger the Twelve Foundation Boys, and one or two Fellows who were dressed in their white robes, all of them singing hymns on their way to the graveside. After the entombment the cortege returned in order.

One month after, another pensioner would be elected, the draw taking place in the Vestry of the Old Chapel on the Sunday morning after the service. Two would be chosen by the parish to attend and draw a slip of paper out of an old hat, one would have the words "God's Gift"

written on it and the other would be blank, the eldest having the privilege of first draw. Needless to say the one who drew the paper with "God's Gift" on it was elected, while the other would receive £12 the previous month's money due, at the rate of £3 per week. If it was a Dulwich man he would be chosen by the Master, Warden, and Four Fellows of the College. A good character was taken into consideration.

In the good old days of Cricket, the old Dulwich Cricket Club, was seldom beaten by such men as John Dennett, Dick Dudman, James East, and Bob Redman, the demon under-hand bowler, a man over six feet in height. It was a pleasure to witness them on their match day - which was also a gala day - at the old Greyhound. After the stumps were drawn, a supper was given in the evening, and after the cloth was cleared the new ball was rolled up the table to the winners, the remainder of the evening being spent in a social manner, together with dancing on the green.

P.S. The London folk in olden times used to visit the Old Greyhound and Old Gipsy House at Norwood in go-carts and in the old Hackney Coaches let out on hire and drawn by two worn-out horses. The go-cart was a vehicle with a long body and with a seat on either side to carry six or eight passengers, with a stave at each corner to support the canvas which covered the top as a shelter from the rain and sun. The driver wore a white smock frock and white hat. The charge from London to Norwood was one shilling. The Hackney Coach was an old one with a round body and thick leather springs, which gave the passengers a good holting over the stones. The coachman wore an old drab coat with several capes attached, and was paid so much for each journey. They plied for passengers outside the old Elephant and Castle, where the present one now stands. It was a small old rustic house close to the two turnpike gates, which separated the borough from the Kennington and Walworth Roads.

The Camberwell Road Toll Gate and a number of others were abolished on the south side of London about the year 1865.

LOCAL CELEBRITES

JOHN RUSKIN

John ruskin was born at Herne Hill near the top of Redpost Hill, and lived there until the death of his parents. A short time after he removed to Denmark Hill, a few houses from the top of Fox Hill, where there was a lodge at the entrance gate. The gate at the back of the garden led on to Champion Hill, at the top of Green Lane, Dulwich. He married whilst living there which proved to be an unhappy marriage. In his school days he was a pupil at the Grammar School, a very large red brick building, in which there were as many panes of glass as there are days in the year. The building was surrounded by a high wall and had a pair of iron gates at the entrance; it stood opposite the Metropolitan Play House, the corner of Coldharbour Lane, Camberwell. The school was kept by Dr.Andrews. Ruskin's wife eventually left him and went to live with one of his favourite artists that used to visit him. She was divorced and shortly after married to this artist. Ruskin bore his troubles with contentment. Mr.Ruskin was appointed one of the principals of the Working Men's College, 45 Great Ormond Street, and Mr.Ward was appointed one of the drawing masters. The young students sometimes visited him at Denmark Hill, and he took them through the garden down the Green Lane over the Five Fields through Dulwich Village to Dulwich Wood, to gather a few specimens of leaves to draw from. He used to give me a call at Alleyn's Cottages, Dulwich Common, on their return from the ramble and have a little chat on Art. I would pay him a return visit at Denmark Hill, and receive lessons in painting flowers and fruit, and there saw some excellent paintings by William Hunt and other great artists. Mr. Ruskin was one of the best authorities on Art in London, and was a friend to his poorer brothers of the brush. I received many kindnesses and gifts of money from him to buy paints and brushes, and wish more men would follow his example. He was the author of a number of good books, viz., "The Modern Painters", "The Stones of Venice", "The Elements of Drawing", and "The Seven Lamps of Architecture". He was a great friend of Lewis Carroll, the author

of "Alice in Wonderland". When old age began to creep on him he left Denmark Hill and went to reside among the Lakes and Mountains, where he spent his last days in peace and solitude. After he was interred in his grave a monument was erected to his memory by Mr.S.D.Collingwood, a nephew of his old friend, Lewis Carroll.

REV.CANON CARVER

The Rev. Alfred J.Carver was appointed first Head Master of the Upper School at Dulwich College after the Foundation Boys was done away with by the Act of Parliament in 1857.

The first school was held at the Old College, starting with a very few boys, and being very successful the Governors had to build the present new College. At the present time there are about six or seven hundred attending. The Rev.A.J. Carver was a most painstaking master, and much beloved by all who knew him. He fell asleep on September 26th, 1909.

The new organ, the new wing of the new college library and the reredos and panels at the Old College Chapel are in remembrance of the dear old Master. May he be long remembered by those old boys that he most painstakingly taught.

LINES ON THE REV. CANON CARVER

For he was good and kind,
To all the boys and masters;
The boys were taught to be refined,
To obey and love their masters.

Many of the old boys they did pass
His strict and severe examinations;
And then they left the school at last,
For to enjoy their recreation.

After twenty-six years of an ardent life,
He left to enjoy a well-earnt pension,
Full of joy, and free from strife,
To all his dear friends he paid attention.

And now he has gone to rest,
Free from all classical troubles;
For he was kind, and did his best,
To burst all the scholastic bubbles.

SIR JOHN BENNETT

Sir John was the celebrated watchmaker of Cheapside, but lived in a private house in Dulwich Common, now Ivy Home, one of the residential houses for the College boys. He was a well-known figure, both in the City and at Dulwich. On Derby Day he used to ride his favourite grey horse to Epsom, and would dress in his velveteen coat and white waistcoat. The poor children at Sutton Schools could be seen at the gates waiting for him to pass, as he was in the habit of throwing money out to them on his going down and returning home. For the purpose of introducing watch making into England he gave lectures on Watches and Women. They were well attended, people flocking to hear what women had to do with watches. His idea was for the girls of this country to become watchmakers, on a similar scale to those in Switzerland and so give employment to a large number. The lectures were interesting and bright. At the close he would introduce one of his one hundred guinea gold chronometer watches. After he was elected to the office of Sheriff for the city of London, he removed to near Chiselhurst Common, a very fine old house. He was there sold up for not paying a certain tax. Then he returned to his place of business to live, where he remained until he passed away.

COLONEL CONSTABLE

Colonel Constable, later of Court Farm, Court Lane, Dulwich, was one of the fine old English gentlemen, being a well-known figure by all that passed by the picturesque farm. His height was over six feet. He wore a broad brim beaver hat, high shirt collar, no neckerchief, and a smock frock. He always carried a spud tied to a long

handle, to pick up the weeds as he passed through the fields. He married twice, and had five sons and three daughters, all the sons were fine specimens of manhood, each standing over six feet high. One son joined the Life Guards, but did not live long after his retirement from the Army. All the others took an active interest in the farm, which was one of the neatest and best kept farms in the south of London. The hayricks were neatly built and in regular order in the stack yard, and the large barn and horse pond was beside the main road. All these have been done away with, also the footpaths and stiles, and the green fields have been thrown into Dulwich Park, which consists of some seventy-two acres.

How he came into possession of the farm was through a Mr.Johnson, a dairy farmer, living in Old Kent Road, about the year 1826, he, being his ploughman, was put in as Mr.Johnson's caretaker. There being no agreement and possession being nine points of the law (at that time) Colonel Constable refused to give up the farm when requested to do so after many years' residence. He thought he had a perfect right to it. Business not being brisk and being an old man, he eventually gave the farm over to his son, Joseph. He left the farm and became the first to receive the outdoor pension of ten shillings a week from God's Gift, Dulwich College, after the Act passed in 1857. All the sons passed away one after the other.

The farm was next let to Mr.Lowe, sen., and after his death to Mr.Lowe, jun., the present occupier. This was one of the good old rustic buildings of dear old Dulwich never to be seen again. There were two or three eccentric men that worked on the farm. One was a man they called "Jack Pieces", who was always in rags, and sometimes he only had a sack tied round him to cover himself. He was born a gentleman, was a very good scholar, and trusted by all those that knew him. Sometimes he fetched parcels from London for ladies and gentlemen. He did odd jobs on the farm, and generally slept in the barn at night after leaving the Plough Inn at closing time. If there were sheep or calves in the barn he would turn them out of their warm place and lay

down in it. Finally he went to the Union to end his days. Where he came from it was never known. It was supposed to be a love affair that upset his equilibrium.

JOHNNY JONES

In the year 1834 there lived in a little cottage in Halfmoon Lane, near the house called Surrey Lodge, Mr. and Mrs.Jones. Mr.Jones was a jobbing gardener, and Mrs.Jones did a little laundry work for the old lady pensioners in the old College of God'd Gift, where the new rooms of the Picture Gallery now are. They had two sons, one of a fine grown young man, who took a situation as butler to Mr.Nicholls, at Horne Hill, and that gentleman had one of the best collections of paintings and drawings in Dulwich. The other son, Johnny, was born with a full mouth of teeth, and hair on his face, and he was double-jointed. He had to be shaved when he went to school at Mr.Bartlett's, the Dulwich College Free School. The children at the school were afraid of him because he was a terror to all he took a dislike to, and consequently had to be taken and fetched from school. His legs were very short and his body was as large as a full grown man. Being double-jointed his grip was like being in a vice. When a young man he earned his livlihood by working in gardens, and cleaning knives and boots in the early morning, Ford House being one of his principal places. He was a good worker and kind to those that he was used to. He was taken ill and passed away about the year 1860, at the age of twenty-five years, and was interred in the old Burial Ground, Dulwich Village.

THE DULWICH HERMIT

Mr.Samuel Matthews, the Dulwich Hermit lived in a cave which was situated on the top of Cox's Walk, a short distance into the wood, where Crescent Wood Road, Sydenham Hill, is now situated. He was a jobbing

gardener, and worked for some of the gentry in Dulwich and Norwood. His cave was an old gravel pit, covered with underwood and branches. He used to sell ginger beer, cakes and other refreshments to the London folk that came to visit him. He was a very quiet and peaceful old man. He was found murdered in December, 1802. His body was then taken down Cox's Walk, by Dr.Glennie's School (where Lord Byron had his schooling, in the grounds where the Grove Hotel now stands), and over the College fields to the Inn called the French Horn, for the inquest. The Inn stood opposite to the Old College.

The Rev. Dr.Butt kept a large boarding school for young gentlemen in Court Lane, at the house now named The Eastlands, in the year 1824, and he was chaplain to the Treadmill Prison on Brixton Hill for many years. In the year 1827 Dr.Whatson lived at the Ivy House, where the corner of East Dulwich Grove is now situated. Mr.John Corrage, the well-known brewer, once lived at the house named The Hall, next to East Dulwich Grove, opposite to Half-Moon Lane: a most kind and charitable man. David Cox, the well-known water-colour artist, selected Croxted Lane and Dulwich Common as his favourite places for sketching. He lived in Dulwich for a few years, the site of his house was, no doubt, at the back of the Blew House, a fine old rustic cottage, very little known by the present folks of Dulwich, and now gone to decay. Mr.William Young, that lived at Rycottes, one of the old residences of Dulwich Common, a former chairman of the Governors of Dulwich College, was a good and kind man to the poor of Dulwich. He was very much missed after his death. Mr.John and Mr.Alexander Druce, and their father, were well-known names in Dulwich, their father being the lawyer to Dulwich College. Their deaths were a great loss to Dulwich.

Miss Mary Rankin, who lived with her uncle and aunt, at the house named Belair, was the daughter of an Indian merchant. She was called the "Queen of Dulwich," and whatever she did the other ladies would follow. She was very kind to the poor of the village, and also to the children of the Free Schools, and to those that paid into the Provident

and Blanket and Coal Clubs: she would give good interest for the money paid in. Her aunt died, and was interred in the old Burial Ground in the village, a large tomb is there erected to her mrmory. Miss Rankin left Dulwich soon after her aunt's death, and lived for some years, but was greatly missed, especially by the poor.

Dr.Webster, a very old inhabitant of Dulwich, was a young Scottish gentleman who came to Dulwich to serve his time to a medical man, a doctor that lived at the house named Oakfield, at the corner of Dulwich Common. Having served his time and finished his studies at the hospital, he married the daughter of the doctor, which brought him a nice little fortune. He then took a villa, where the Park gates now are, opposite the Old College, and moved to the next house when he had worked up a large practice, and greatly enlarged it. Some years after Mrs.Webster died. She had been a great sufferer from paralysis, and could not walk alone. After his wife's death Dr.Webster gave up his practice and took up parochial work for the parish of Camberwell, and did his duty well. He was worthily named the Father of the parish. About the year 1876 there was raised a public subscription to build a monument in his memory. A large and influential meeting was held at the Old Greyhound, and it was proposed to erect a drinking fountain in front of the Old College, by the old milestone. After arriving home from this meeting, Dr.Webster died suddenly, in the hall of his own house. That fountain now stands as a monument to a good and charitable man.

Dr.Ray, the father of the present Dr.Edward Reynolds Ray, came to Dulwich with his father about the year 1837, and took up his abode at the old White Cottage, that stood between the Bank and Wood Lawn, a very old rustic place with a large garden. He was very kind and attentive to the poor and soon won for himself a good practice. After a few years he took the large house, where a doctor now resides. He married one of three sisters, a Miss Mann, who lived in the adjoining house. Some years after his marriage he was taken ill and passed away - a great loss to the poor and much missed by the wealthy. There

was a public funeral, and the cortege reached from the house to the end of the Common, nearly to the Alleyn's Head Hotel, and was followed by the gipsies who were encamped in Croxted Lane. He attended to the Gipsy women at the birth of their children, and for sickness generally. He was loved by all his neighbours and wealthy friends.

Before the police came into force there were two night watchmen in Dulwich, both of whom were commonly called "Old Charlies". Their beat was from the top of Redpost Hill to the Old College, one box was at the bottom of the hill where Sunray Avenue is, and another at the corner of Half-Moon Lane, and the third was in the village. They used to call out the hour and the state of the weather. When my Grandfather was in the College Alms Houses, in the year 1823, Mr.Wood and Mr.J.Hater were the names of the two men, and when they were old they were elected in the Alms Houses of Dulwich College. At that time the inmates received three pounds each week, three pints of dinner ale, and a small loaf every day. The old men used to wear a coat with a small cape on the shoulders, given to them to go to church in. The old ladies had a black alpaca gown to go to church in (and they had to go).

The benevolent Gentleman that left the twenty pounds a year, for twenty Dulwich poor widows, for bread and potatoes in the winter months, lived at the house now called The Woodlands, on Dulwich Common. He was gentle and kind-hearted to his servants, and all the poor in the village. He was very much missed by all the neighbours.

P.S. Lord Byron, who was educated at Dr.Glennie's School at Dulwich, was laid to rest in a tomb in the old Parish Church of Ockham, Surrey.

A CURIOUS TRIAL

In the Guildhall Library there is a copy of a very curious trial which occurred in 1772:- Humphrey Finnimore, reputed to be worth £40,000, a miser of the old approved kind, was tried on January the

14th, 1772, on the charge of stealing five turkeys, the property of Thomas Humphries, my uncle, who kept the "Sign of the Gipsies" (the Gipsy House), where my father, Edward Morris, was born. The defendant also lived in a wood at Norwood, next to the Old Gipsy House. He called as witnesses to his character, Mr.Catley, who kept The Horns Tavern, West Norwood; Dr.Allen, formerly the master of Dulwich College; and Mr.Allen, the master at that time. Finnimore was convicted by the Jury, but the Magistrates disagreed with the verdict, and on a petition being presented to the King the sentence was reversed.

P.S. My Grandfather Morris, who kept the Old Gipsy House, supplied Mr.Matthews, the Dulwich Hermit, with the refreshments he sold to the London folk who went to see him at his cave. He was found murdered in his cave on December 27th, 1802, supposed by some gipsies from the camp on Norwood Common.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

About the year 1849 a young man, living at Brixton, a house painter, invited his fiancee, a domestic servant, to accompany him to Dulwich. In walking up College Road, now Fountain Road, there were woods on each side of the road at that time, and a bridle path from where these two roads meet through the wood leading to Woodland Road, Gipsy Hill, Norwood. It was on a dusky summer evening and they walked a long way through the wood, when he attempted to murder her. She fell down, and he ran away thinking she was dead. After a little while she regained consciousness, and got up and groped her way along the path into the main road. It was about midnight and consequently she had to walk as far as the toll gate before she met anyone. Here she saw Mr.Wood the policeman on night duty, who took her to Dr.Ray's in Dulwich village, where her wounds were dressed. She was then taken to the Infirmary and kept there until the birth of a son. The painter was arrested and charged with the attempted murder, and at the trial convicted and

sentenced to fifteen years' transportation. At that time they were sent to the Colonies to serve their time. On the girl's discharge from the Infirmary, she went and thanked Dr.Ray and Mr.Wood for their kindnesses. Old Dulwich was then a most rural spot, and was considered to be only five miles from the Standard, Corn Hill.

ANOTHER INCIDENT

In the year 1853, when the Crystal Palace was being re-built on the Norwood hill, from which some splendid scenery could be viewed, a man, named Handy was employed on the job. One day when he was busy with other workmen he threw down his tools and said "No more work for me mates, for I cannot work, my fiancee has deceived me." He picked up his tools and left the Palace and sold them. Afterwards he wandered about the woods and fields of Dulwich until he became a worthless and vile man, begging of all those that he came in contact with. He became so ragged and shoeless that he resolved to try and obtain a fresh outfit. On a summer morning he went to a place which was named Hunt Slip (now Union Road), Dulwich Common, and, having divested himself, with knife in one hand and stick in the other, walked to Camberwell Police Station, a distance of three miles without being molested, for that purpose. They took him to the Union, where he was provided with an old carvas suit. He soon returned to his old haunts, and when about to repeat the offence was taken in custody by a policeman, whom he severely assaulted. He was brought before the magistrate and sentenced to three months' imprisonment as a rogue and vagabond. He did not return to Dulwich. He was one of the best mechanics employed at the Crystal Palace.

Oh! what is love without its charmer. It makes a man refrain from action in all his daily work, and turn aside from all friendship.

DO NOT FORGET

Oh I hope you will not forget
Those dear and good old times,
The happiest we have spent as yet,
When we repeated those nursery rhimes.

Oh I hope you will never forget,
Until life lingers and all hope is past,
Not until old age brings you another step
To that barrier we shall have to pass.

Oh keep your mind well balanced not to forget,
Those dear old friends long since passed away;
And those little troubles, do not regret,
Because with them in Heav'n we shall stay.

Oh the time will come when we shall forget,
When we meet in that Home above,
Then our dear friends will be sweeter yet,
For we shall dwell with those whom we love.

May, 1911. THOMAS MORRIS

IN OUR CHILDHOODS' DAYS

When in our childhoods' days,
We were petted like a lamb,
And smiled at for our innocent ways,
When we tried to stand or ran.

It was in our youthful days
Our little peevish ways begun;
Sometimes in the sun's bright rays,
When we began to walk or run.

As our youthful days passed along,
So did childish and thoughtless days;
And then our school days soon begun,
Which trained us into many ways.

As our manhood days pass away,
And old age looms in the distance,
We should think of that future day
When we shall need only His assistance.

When old age comes at last
With grey hairs and wrinkled face,
From this world we shall have to pass
To a brighter and happier place.

Then we shall be risen again
To serve our most merciful Father,
Who sits on His throne to reign,
Whom we shall love and obey for ever.

July, 1911. THOMAS MORRIS.

THE FAMILY HEARTH
AT THE OLD WHITE HOUSE.

When we all sat around the hearth,
Telling our tales of yore;
The blaze of fire lit up the hearth,
'Twas in those day I shall see no more.

They've long departed from that hearth,
Father, mother, daughters and sons;
One by one they took the same path,
And left me alone my race to run.

Now I am quite alone,
Sitting at my own little hearth,
Thinking of my old happy home,
And all the pleasures since past.

When sitting beside my own fire,
Thinking of the old tales of yore,
I am cheered by the thoughts I admire,
And the happiness of heaven in store.

The great God is all my help
And support in every trouble;
His comforts I have felt,
And pray them to end of my travels.

Then when no more hearths or fires glow,
And tales cease of all earthly woes,
I shall receive the Heavenly glow,
And that love which Christ bestows.

September, 1911 THOMAS MORRIS

WEEP NOT, DEAR FRIENDS

Weep not, weep not, my dear old friends,
For those who have gone before;
It is the Almighty God who sent
For them to go to that home in store.

Weep,not, weep not, its a sinful shame,
To find fault with His wondrous ways;
For it's truly that Holy and Blessed Name,
Who gives us those bright sunny rays.

Weep not, weep not, the time will come,
When we shall met our dear friends,
And to prove that Holy and Sacred Sun,
When our short pilgrimage ends.

Weep not, weep not, come let us join,
With hands and heart for that holy gift;
When that heavenly girdle's around our loin,
And on that holy seat we shall sit.

Weep not, weep not, we shall be raised again,
and wear that pure and snow-white robe -

If cleansed from sin, then freed from pain,
And dwell in that peaceful and happy abode.

June, 1911. THOMAS MORRIS

THE TREES OF OLD DULWICH

The trees, those lovely trees, are the living families of nature by which man is encircled. They are the same to-day as they were at the beginning. They are sanitary agents through the medium of their leaves, which preserve the air. They break the straight outline of the roads and give a variety of colour and shadow, which bestows a beautiful and agreeable touch to nature, and they are a daily charm and spectacle to those who have the good fortune to live were trees prevail. Poetry finds language in the trees as well as in those lovely flowers in nature.

Our dear old village, the College grounds and woods have many splendid specimens of trees that some of Royal Gardens and Parks of old London do not possess. From Redpost Hill through the old village and College Road to the Crystal Palace and also Gallery Road, which is an avenue of fine old elm and oak, and they kiss each other at the summit from one end of the road to the other. There are to be found such trees as the Judas, Ash, Aspen, Beech, Birch, Acacia, Cedar, Chestnut (two kinds), Elder, Elm, Firs, Limes, Wych-elm, Fern, Mountain Ash, Mulberry, Poplar (several kinds), Scotch Pine, Red and White May and a number of flowering trees, Hazel, Willow, Black Walnut, Laburnum, Yew, Sycamore, Wild Cherry, and many others, which gives a bright and cheerful touch to nature, and a feeling of gladness to the earth as the earth as the stars and planets do to the heavens with their bright and sweet lustre, which makes one feel glad to be in the land of the living and enjoy the sweet and bright foliage of God's gift to nature.

The trees, those precious flowering trees,
With their bright green and golden colour;
They purify the air with their balmy breeze,
And fill the air with scented odour,
To expand our lungs and freely breathe.

THOMAS MORRIS

MR. THOMAS MORRIS

Is the Author of

"THE STEPPING STONE TO THE ART OF PAINTING,

In Oil and Water-Colours,"

And Has

Exhibited at the Crystal Palace and other

Picture Galleries,

And received a number of Testimonials and

Presentations for successful Teaching and

Restoring Works of Art.

For 27 years Mr.T.Morris was Secretary to the

ANCIENT ORDER OF FORESTERS

L.U.D. No. 4169,

And the

ANCIENT ORDER OF SHEPHERDS,

No. 4169,

For which he received a Presentation.

BOROUGH OF CAMBERWELL

C E R T I F I C A T E O F M E R I T

Awarded To

MR. T. MORRIS

By the

Mayor and Committee of the Public Libraries
and Museums of this Council,

FOR THE GIFT OF A NUMBER OF PAINTINGS
IN WATER AND OIL COLOURS,

Views of Old Dulwich, and a Few of Kent and Surrey

In the Central Library.

Signed,

GOUDARD CLARK, Mayor

GEORGE BIDGOOD, Chairman of Committee,

CHARLES MAINSTAFF, Clerk of Committee.